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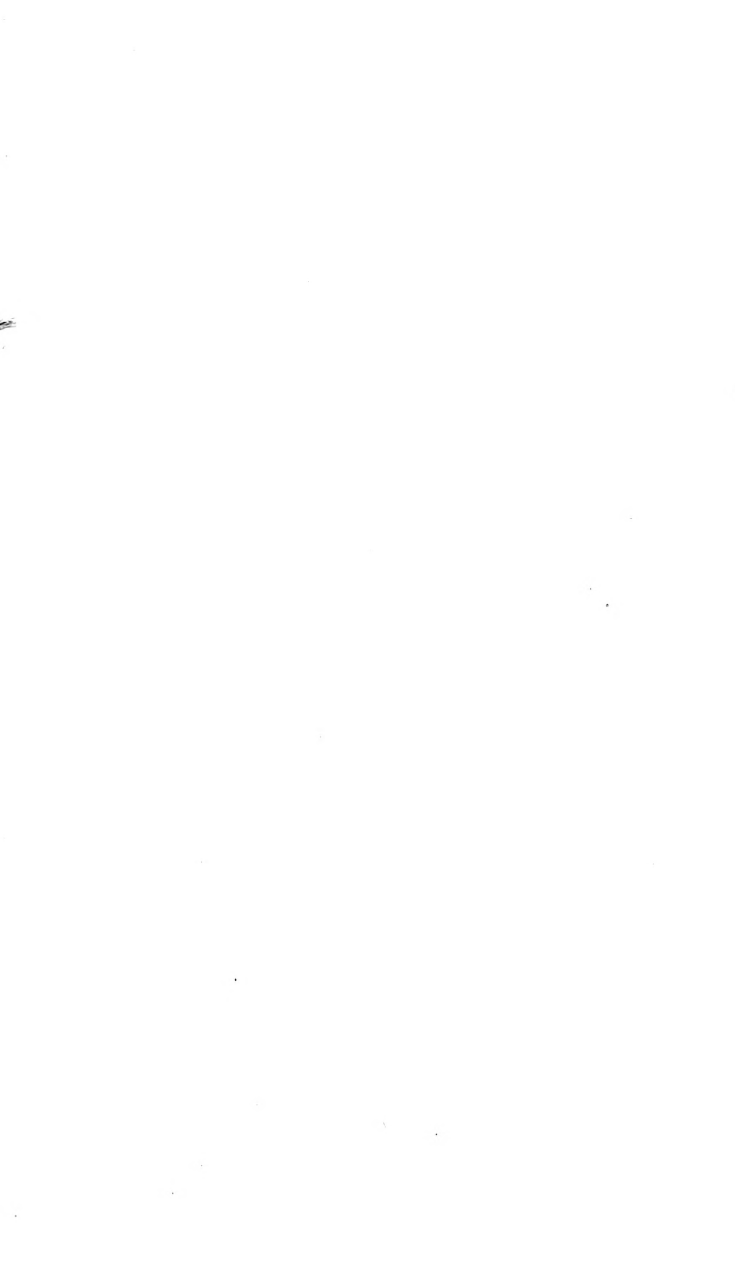


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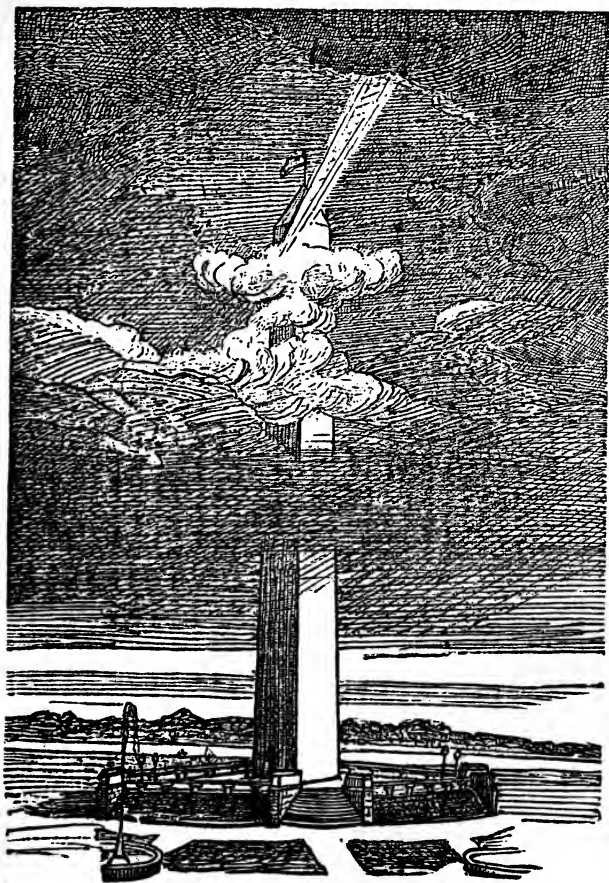
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H. Harris



THE MONUMENT AND CROSS.

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THE MONUMENT.

December 24, 1799, Congress voted to have a Marble Monument erected to WASHINGTON. But it was not until July 4, 1848, that the Corner-Stone was laid. It was carried up 152 feet, and there remained until August 7, 1880, when the completion of it was begun. The Capstone—a marble pyramid weighing 3,300 pounds, and having an aluminium point—was set December 6, 1881, at 2 P. M., with appropriate ceremony, on a platform 550 feet high—the height of the Monument—the wind blowing at the time at an estimated velocity of 50 miles an hour, and the thermometer standing at 59°. IT IS THE HIGHEST MONUMENT IN THE WORLD! The FLAG was then run up from the centre of the shaft, 50 feet higher, carrying it to a height of 600 feet. The foundation is 80 feet square, set in solid rock eight feet below the surface. The Shaft at the base is 55 feet square, and the walls at the base are 15 feet thick. The whole weight of the Monument is 80,378 tons—over five tons to a square foot. In the interior lining are set numerous blocks of marble, presented by the States and cities of the United States and other countries, and by various Societies, all properly inscribed. A Spiral Stairs of 900 steps, requiring 20 minutes to pass, and also an Elevator, will afford means of ascent, etc. The cost, so far, is \$1,130,000, and the work surrounding the base has not yet been set up. The Monument has well been called “THE WORLD’S GREAT CENOTAPH” to the “CHIEF OF MEN.”

WASHINGTON NATIONAL MONUMENT.

THE MONUMENT AND CROSS.

AN ODE FOR THE DEDICATION.

12mo, 24 pages. 25 cents. Five copies for \$1.00.

TO THE PUBLIC:

To the men of Christian Thought of this Nation this ODE is respectfully commended, as an humble and grateful acknowledgment of our Life, Growth, and Greatness from the God of Washington; and the influence of the Sublime, Elevating, and Liberty-giving doctrines of the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,

By the Author,

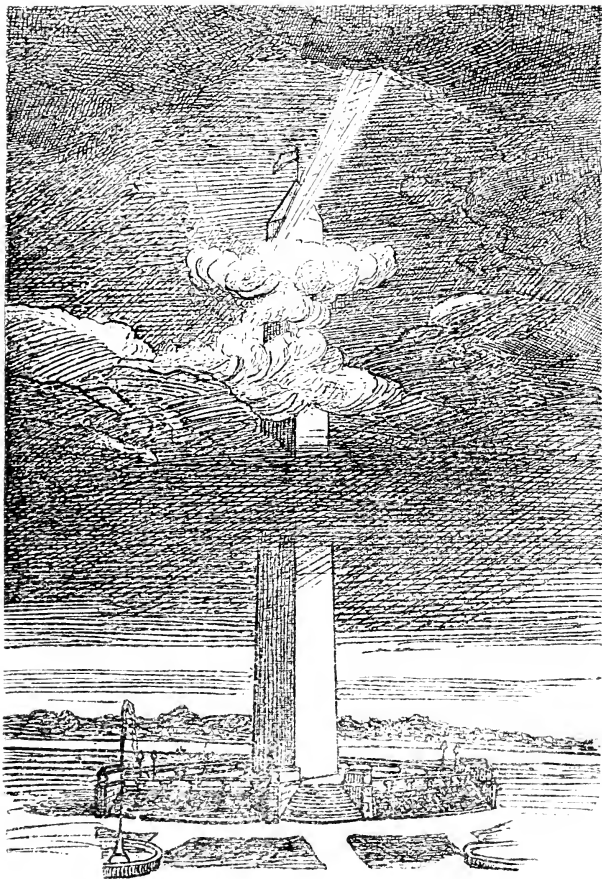
HORACE HARRIS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Feb.* 11, 1885.

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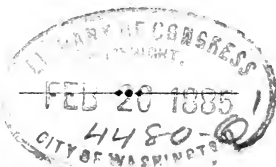
THE MONUMENT AND CROSS,

AN ODE FOR THE DEDICATION,

February 21st, 1885.

REV. HORACE HARRIS,
" *Author.*

"What hath God Wrought,"—NUM. XXIII, 23.



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The Washington National Monument.

AN ODE.

Thou Monument Divine, thy sacred height,
For aye, shall gleam in light effulgent, pure,
The purer light of upper fields, where angels bright,
From glory came, to sing for God the notes
Evangel—"Glad tidings of great joy"—
Of "Peace on Earth, good-will to men"—
Sublimest theme to mortals ever named!
And, high above thy shining brow, thy glory Crest—
The diamond-glistening Banner of Columbia—
Shall, by the winds of God, the grand rehearsal
Ever chant, of Peace on Earth. good-will to men!
And, from its shining pinnacle, the Eagle bold
And proud—America's Immortal Emblem Bird!—
Shall plume his pinions, strong for Liberty,
And sound in notes, the Earth to pierce around,
From pole to pole, the message welcome, of Freedom,
Humanity, and loving Brotherhood
To all the tribes of waiting, sorrowing men!
And, chimes of Independence Bell,

On July Fourth, of "Seventy-Six,"
 "Proclaiming Liberty unto the Land,
 And all Inhabitants thereof," ring on,
 Ring on, forever ring ye herald melody,
 From deep vibrations of the atmosphere
 Made tremulous with e'er-increasing shouts
 Of Freemen in praise of Washington—
 Ye thrill our burning hearts with hope to-day !

Thou Monument Divine ! in sovereign grace
 Resplendent ! we bow us down in humble praise,
 And solemn awe, and adoration most profound,
 And worship at thy blood-besprinkled side—
 We worship God, the Infinite ! Jehovah God !
 The Triune God who gave us Washington,
 Whom thou dost here, so proudly now commemorate !
 And we will ever voice in loftiest hymn
 Of fervent prayer—

"Father all glorious, come and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days !"

The people of the "Colonies," from men
 Of May-Flower down, do send to thee their
 Tribute from the past, in present growth
 And life, in works of men from virgin germs.
 And ample master tillage, acknowledging
 The Pilgrim Sires, and minds, in deepest, solemn
 Consecration of Pilgrims holy.

The "Thirteen States," in blest confederation-tie,
 As stately Patriarchs, new resurrected

In our thought, and joyful in praise,
 Do bend in adoration at this Altar, National,
 And read, and wonder at the triumph, thou
 Mute Column, to spirit life perceptive,
 Dost here annunciate, of Lands redeemed
 For honor, God, and greatness, since their day.

And all the Added States—their Stalwart Sons,
 Do join this day to magnify thy wondrous
 Mission-work, thou Shaft alone, unequalled,
 To tell of Freedom-Life for all mankind !

And other States, in other Lands, most rev'rent
 Before this Shrine of Liberty, shall bring
 Their richest Offerings, in praise of present good,
 And good prefigured in what they see already
 Done, which thou, great Marble, Inspiration-Shaft,
 Dost make prophetic.

The broken chains and fetters vile, that bound
 “The human form divine,” we bring, and, with cement
 Enduring, do form a pavement, tessellate,
 At thy deep frowning base, where myriad
 Freeman, in their often gathering at thy side,
 Shall tread them down in dust and ignominy !
 To prove that not again shall they
 Their bondage-work perform ! Nor other chains
 The human soul shall bind, in this broad land
 Of Washington, and free, good-will to all,
 While thy bold form shall pierce the vaulted sky !

And now, with quickened sense of spirit ken,

By contribution from the past of Record Godward,
 A sapphire cloud I see, and rainbow crowned,
 Enfold this Emblem Shaft—the Monumental
 Obelisk ! And lo, a Cross it forms, so blending
 With the stately Pile, that each seems part
 And part of each—so hap'ly interwoven !
 A Cross on which the patriot millions
 Freely bled, and lives made sacrifice, a way
 To open up for Freedom's blessed rule
 For other men ! The Cross of Him,
 Who, eighteen centuries ago,
 In holy triumph o'er His foes,
 And holy offering, vicarious,
 Of Himself set up, on which to die,
 The world to give the Liberty eternal—
 The life for everlasting in the mansions kingly !
 'Tis through the Cross we celebrate
 Our Washington ; for who can history deny,
 The diary of our greatness wrought in God—
 The Crucified ? Yea, thus we celebrate
 This Natal Day of Freedom's Sire and Son—
 A Nation's proudest triumph in the world !

And from that sacrificial Cross, and this
 High Monumental Spire—the highest in the world—
 I see the Ladder of the Patriarch
 Ascend, and reach the azure dome, to show
 An open way—Jesus “The Way”—twixt earth and heaven ;
 And angels coming down on mission broad

Of love, and men and angels go, in rapture up
 The burnished path, to shout the triumph high,
 Of grace eternal, and Liberty for all,
 In Eden's beatific realm !

And echoes heavenly, now so pealing down
 The arches from above, in blessed symphony,
 Do fill our souls with ecstasy complete,
 Seraphic, on this our day of crowning exultation !

And shining hosts, ten thousand strong,
 To-day swing censers golden in mid-heaven,
 And all the earth and sky do fill with fragrance
 Precious, fragrance holy, the perfume sweet
 Of souls and lands made blest to God,
 Through Liberty unfolded !

This Natal Day we glad commemorate,
 Of Washington, our Nation's Chief,
 In greatness and renown ; who, first in war,
 And first in peace, and first in hearts of his
 Own countrymen ; and first in hearts
 Of freedom-loving men the wide world round ;
 And widening into growing splendors
 Of applause, sublime, along the cycles
 Of the coming years !

The time he lived was radiant on the past,
 Before his day ; but then with now compared,
 As but the glowworm-spark, the rush-light flame,
 Beside the vivid lightning blaze, in fact and thought,
 To guild and guide in burning works and words

Of blessing, the pathway of the men
Of doings of to-day.

But these, our days of quickened thought
Illumination, and workings brilliant and profound,
Were typed in his own time, by not a few,
Of lofty mould, and make of genius shrewd
For government, and great and high-born speech ;
And eloquent for truth, for honor,
And nobility in man ; who, erst, by God's
Own hand and call, were made to tell—
By greatness in themselves—the coming greatness
Of the men of forward days on whom should fall
The spirit of their might. From them we boast
Our Magna Charta, our Independence
Declaration wise, proclaiming Equal Rights
Inalienable, sure, for all from God,
To Life, and Liberty, and blest pursuit
Of Happiness—Great Rule of Rights,
To men of kindred blood, the wide world o'er—
A rich Mosaic laid in words
More rare, and grand—combined for beauty, strength,
And dignity of sense, and bold import—
Than all the words of human speech
We know beside. And well we boast of men,
Compeers of Washington ; and proud to tell
Their lasting fame. They were the seed
Which makes our harvests golden, of men
And great achievements ; their names, as precious gems

Set in the crown of Washington,
Shall brighten evermore !

But O, the struggle fiery, desperate,
Of this our Leader true, with high
And solemn trust in God, and his so brave,
Right-hearted men, on all the fields
Of deadly strife ; and sufferings greater
From lack of means, in camp, and field,
And painful marchings !
And LA FAYETTE—from generous helping France,
A valiant Representative—who sought us out
In Freedom's perilled hour ; and bared
His bosom, free from pride, or shame or fear,
To help to gain the liberties of States
And Peoples not his own !
How everlasting rings the praise of men
So noble, all unselfish, as was he !
Forever stand that name with WASHINGTON,
On Honor's foremost lasting roll !

So free the air we breathe, so open all
The lines of life, to eminence in lore,
In wealth, in social state, in statesmanship,
As that the humblest, rudest lad
Upon the "tow-path" walk, or "flat-boat" deck,
Or at the farmer's toil of "splitting rails,"—

(All honor to our martyred Presidents,
Our Lincoln and Garfield immortalized !

And tears in deepest sorrow flow,)
 And these we see—our common men—may well and sure,
 By dint of persevering labor, travel up
 To greatest name of men on earth—
 To President of these United States—
 Insuring higher rank than Sovereignty
 In any land beside, beneath the blazing sun!

O for a pen, by angel fingers sped,
 To tell the wide successes, flowing onward
 In the path of triumph, of our Washington—
 Leader Mighty! God-commissioned for these days—
 His trusty Sword to Freedom blessed!
 Immortal! And he the same in all his
 Living work! A Patriot President,
 And true and wise for Freedom's glorious cause;
 And spurned the honor and the name of King;
 Most pleased was he, as Citizen of this
 Blest Land, and with the smiling millions
 Share their fame, and feel the thrilling sense
 Of Common Kinship, in Blood—American!
 And yet a pure and Kingly Line was his,
 Extending back through Royal Blood—
 And sure and perfect trace preserved—
 To days of Him, the great Messiah—King;
 And seventy years before our Lord,
 To Odin, Founder and King of Scandinavia!
 How strange and blest to us this chain, intact,
 Of wondrous Providence for Washington—

The Prince of Men!—two thousand years
Of Record of his lineage, safe, unbroken!

'Twas then three million men this land
Contained, but now the millions are threescore!

And then the “West”—the utmost thought, just by
The Alleghany Ridge. But now the West—
Who finds the West? And on and on you go.

And on, and still, like search for sunset,
Unrewarded! The Continent may cross,
And broad Pacific, too, to find the West;
And then the old-time Continent of Orient:

Anon Atlantic sail, and strike New York,

And find *that* West—as much the West

As *any place* is now. The West to us—

The gorgeous, boundless West is everywhere!—

Like Freedom's sunlit-sky, and Freedom's Splendor Flag—

AND TRAILED IN DUST NOR EVERMORE!

And name American, broad synonym

Of Liberty, Greatness, Honor, Power—

Assuring recognition Kingly, instant o'er the World;

And Freedom's bursting spirit, generous,

Instinct with love for human kind,

And these reach kindly out to every

Acre of Old Earth!

And then in travelling, by old-time stage—

Five miles an hour, with coach-and-four,

But now who tells how fast we go!

Too fast to count the mile-posts by the way!

How fast we live and grow ! How fast
 We think and work ! How fast the world
 Grows better by the life we live in these
 Broad States of Free America !

And O, how slow 'twas then to get the news ;
 And friends might die, and war, and storm, and peril
 Sweep a land, and months and months escape
 Before 'twas known. But now, for hours
 Advance of common time we keep,
 Ten thousand things are told ; and all the world
 May know how others eat and live each day—
 We talk across the wide, wide waste
 Of ocean and of land !

And so this gleaming Pile of precious stones,
 More costly each than gems of richest flash
 From crown of Emperor, may oft be duplicated,
 In real name and form, and reproduced
 A hundred times in other lands.

And pictured oft, and wrought in Statuary
 Elegant, in art exquisite, shall grace
 The homes of men, and science halls,
 And all the places of high note where name
 Of Washington shall go on lips of Freemen ;
 And ever, with increasing count,
 To latest day of men on earth, be held
 Like treasured souvenirs.

Thou Monument Divine ! in snowy whiteness draped,
 So like the great White Throne of God, the Judge

Omnipotent, shalt judge the Nations wide,
 And all the peoples of the earth
 Who practise tyranny, oppression vile ;
 Whose laws make slaves, and working of whose power
 Holds them in bonds, in thought, or life, or worship—
 Withholding Freedom, man's noblest gift from God.
 And thou shalt timely judge, in love,
 That men may change, and change they will
 Before thy burning words of condemnation ;
 And every yoke despotic they shall break,
 And take the wood to build the altar-fires
 To nobler name and manhood personal.
 And thou shalt judge in truth and righteousness ;
 In knowledge, acquisition, lore for all
 In highest course of thought, and industries ;
 And judge in best Morality, and Heaven-inspired
 In Christ, who maketh man regenerate.
 And judge us as a people all, in that which tells
 Of EQUAL RIGHTS and blest nobility in statesmanship,
 In schools, the church, in grangers' fields,
 In soldier's call, and friendships sacred.
 And all thy judgments shall be blest ;
 And more and more as we behold
 Thy white and pure uplifted Form—
 Commending Washington, our Pattern Princely—
 An emblem speaking Greatness—free for all !
 But who shall long abide whom thou

Dost ill condemn? If changing not,
How sure, some time, to find the "left-hand" doom!

The great Millenium Day, by Seers so long
Foretold, will tell of all this work sublime,
And living Monument! And other peerless
Monument Divine, in New York Bay, our open
Central Port—open to all the world—
The Tribute Holy, National, from Queenly France,
Our sister great Republic, and welcomed—
Of "Liberty Enlightening all the World!"—
For, ever till that coming Eden Day, they'll stand,
And all along will ample help afford
To usher in that time most glorious!

The Monument, the Cross, the "Way"
To Heaven made visible, the Flag
Of all the Free, the name of Washington,
And name Columbia—Our free United States,
Are canonized, as highest Saints, immortal!
And nations near and far, with shout and song;
And gold, frankincense, myrrh; and flowers
Perennial, of fadeless hue; and fruits
Of every clime, and fruits of righteousness;
And modes of art and science perfect;
And erudition vast, complete;
And songs of angels and of men combined;
And God's own kingdom in His Son—
"The Stone cut out"—and filling every land,
Shall tell, when Earth keeps Jubilee

A Thousand Years, how great this day
We celebrate !

O Thou, the God Supreme, and God of all the earth,
Our Fathers' God, and God of Washington—
Emmanuel ! we dedicate to Thee,
With reverent praise and joyful adoration,
This glorious Shaft, effulgent with Thy light,
And truth, and love, and matchless free good-will to men ;
That, ever hence, when men shall look
Upon this glowing Height, the Natal Crown of Washington,
They, to the honor of Thy wondrous name, exultant,
E'er shall say, " Behold, what God hath wrought !"
And ever hence the glory shall be Thine !

And may we, joyful, sing a Nation's Hymn
Of love, adoring gratitude and praise !

Thou God of Washington,
And Nation great and strong ;
We bow before Thy radiant Throne.
With loftiest praise and song.

What land so high, so free,
So honored of the Lord !
Thou God, who givest Liberty,
Shall ever be adored !

Thee God, our Ruler great ;
 And God of wise decree ;
 We welcome to our blest estate,
 And own Thy Sovereignty !

Proud Monument we raise,
 To our great Washington !
 Who found the wisdom, courage, grace,
 In Thine atoning Son.

Let all the people say
 Amen ! Thou Triune King !
 And onward through our lengthened day
 Adoring homage bring.

All nations yet shall praise
 The God of Washington ;
 And unto Him glad anthems raise,
 And worship Him alone.

Filled with his knowledge then,
 Shall earth keep Jubilee ;
 With Paradise restored to men,
 In grace and majesty.

AMERICA—HER MISSION.

AIR—" *Star-Spangled Banner.*"

We will worship to-day in our triumph and grace,
And praise we the Lord for our blest exultation ;
To our Washington's name this proud Monument raise,
And we'll glorify God for the gift to the Nation ;
And our Flag it shall wave, while the Cross it will save,
Of these will we boast, that they victory gave ;
For the glad songs of Freedom shall welcomely ring,
And the Christ for the world be the Name we will sing.

How dreary the homes in their sadness and grief,
In bondage and hate so supremely oppressive ;
And the sorrowing ones can obtain no relief,
For the pride of the Despot no freedom confesses ;
But we'll tell of the grace, in the Gospel of Peace,
And the shout of her hosts shall forever increase ;
And the glad songs of Freedom shall welcomely ring,
And the Christ for the world be the Name we will sing.

What a mission have we, to all peoples and climes,
Who know not the cheer of our grand acclamation ;
And they see not the beams that illumine these times,
That dawned on our life from the God of this Nation ;
Then we'll make no delay, but for them ever pray,
And give them the light of our own blessed day ;
For the glad songs of Freedom shall welcomely ring,
And the Christ for the world be the Name we will sing.

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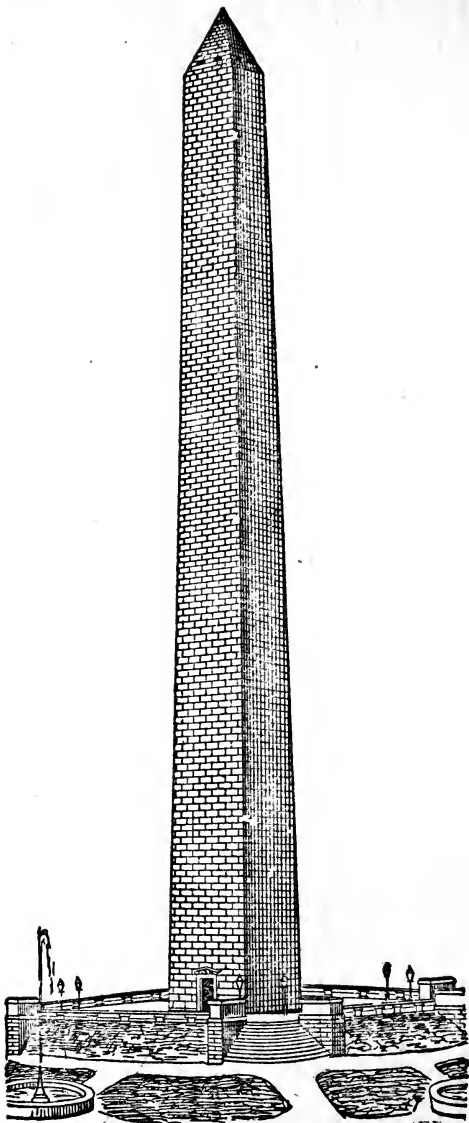
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